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OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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George W. Ells.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Book and Job Printing
Executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

ODE TO WINTER.

When first the firey-mantled sun
His heavenly race began to run;
Round the earth and ocean blue,
His children four the Seasons flew.
First, in green apparel dancing,
The young Spring smiled with angel grace;
Rosy Summer next advancing,
Rush'd into her sire's embrace—
Her bright-haired sister, who bade her keep
For ever nearest to his side;
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
On India's citron cover'd isles:
More remote and buxom-brown,
The queen of vintage bow'd before his throne,
A rich pomegranate gem'd her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar,
To hills that crop the polar star,
And loaves on deer-borne cars to ride,
With barren Darkness by his side.
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the shore where Runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale:
Save when adown the ravaged globe
He travels on his native storm,
Following Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form—
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-covered shield.

Oh, sire of storms! whose savage ear
The Lapland-drum delights to hear,
When Phœbus with her blood-shot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity,
Archangel! power of desolation!
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart?
Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruin'd year;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;
To shuddering Nature's unmanicured bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lead,
And gently on the orphan head
Of Innocence descend.

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds!
The sailor on his airy shrouds,
When wrecks and beacons strow the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep,
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
Oh, winds of Winter! list ye there
To many a deep and dying groan;
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
At shrieks and shriels louder than your own.
Alas! e'en yon unhallow'd breath
May spare the victim fallen low;
But man will ask no truce to death,
No bounds to human woe.

MUTABILITY.

BY SHELLEY.

The flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempers and flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship's too rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For pen and despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy, and all
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Makes glad the day;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

HOW TO MARRY.

When you get married don't marry a pet,
A jilt, or a vixen, or yet a coquette;
But marry a maid—that is, if you can—
More fit for the wife of a sensible man.

Look out for a girl that is healthy and young,
With more in her eye than you hear from her tongue;
And tho' she be freckled or burnt to a tan,
Yet she is the girl for a sensible man.

With riches will wretchedness often in life
Go link'd, when your riches are got with a wife;
But marry and make all the riches you can,
Like a bold, independent and sensible man.

Look out for a girl who is gentle and kind,
And modest and self, and tell her your mind;
If she's a wise and bewitching she'll welcome the plan,
And soon be the wife of a sensible man.

Then cherish her excellence wisely and kind,
And be to small foibles indulgently blind,
For so you make happy, if any thing can,
The wife of a sober and sensible man.

A person, high in office, being asked by an
intimate friend, why he did not promote merit,
aptly replied, "Because merit did not promote
me."

MISCELLANY.

From the New Orleans Crescent City.

THE KENTUCKIAN IN MALTA.

A gentleman in this city attached to "Old Ironsides" during her last cruise, has permitted us to dip into his journal, which is as rich as Calhoun's gold mine. The following is peculiarly fine.

"We passed three weeks in Malta, waiting for despatches. Various plans were devised to kill time, and never did it pass so pleasantly away. Fishing, rowing, dinners, wine suppers, etc., formed our principal amusement; and, as the harbor was filled with vessels of all nations, an interchange of courtesies was kept up until our anchor was weighed and 'Old Ironsides' again before the breeze.

"At one of the entertainments given on shore by the officers of a British frigate, the conversation turned upon rifle-shooting, which led to an animated discussion, in which our officers took part.

"I have often heard," said the commander of the Thunderer, that you have some fellows in your country called Kentuckians, who are reckoned great shots with a rifle.

"Yes, sir," replied Lieut. N—, "their fame is great in that line, which is easily accounted for. As soon as they are able to shoulder a rifle, they commence practising, and in course of time become excellent marksmen."

"They may be very clever, but I believe we have better shots on board our vessel."

"I do not belong to that section of the country," observed Lieut. N—, "and have had but little practice with the rifle; but if I mistake not, we have a Kentuckian in company, who will stand up for his native State."

"Yes, on all occasions," said our purser, a tall muscular descendant of one of the first settlers of the State.

"What say you, then, gentleman, to a shooting match to-morrow morning?"

"Agreed, with all our hearts," said the Yankees.

The next morning the party met in a beautiful grove, and placed their target seventy-five yards distant. The English rifle is different from the American, the barrel being shorter, and the stock heavier. Six picked men from the Thunderer were on the ground, all of whom fired. No one, however, "cut the paper" (the size of a dollar), although several of the balls were close to it.

The shots were considered excellent by the English and French officers present, and the natives were greatly astonished at the proficiency of the riflemen. The commander of the Thunderer, turning to the purser, said with a smile,

"What do you think of that? I take it, you will find it difficult to come up to it."

"You may think so—but I consider it no shooting at all!" said the Kentuckian.

"Vous monter le haut cheval," said a French officer.

"Je vous montrait," said the Kentuckian.

"Fire away," said the Englishman.

"I'll bet a wine supper for all hands," said the Kentuckian, "that I make three shots, every one of which will be better than any yet made, and each succeeding one better than the first."

"I'll take it," said the Englishman, smiling. The Kentuckian slowly raised a rifle he brought from home and fired. The paper was cut! The second one was better than the first, and the third bored the centre! Nothing could depict the surprise of all present; the Englishmen acknowledged the corn, and said he was satisfied. The Kentuckian enjoyed a hearty laugh, declaring it was nothing to what he could do—that he would be ashamed of such firing in old Kaintuck. Rolling a quid from one quarter of his capacious "receiver" to another, he continued:

"I must have another shot to show you what can be done with a rifle, and to convince my French friend that I am not boasting."

The whole party stood silent, in a row, and the Kentuckian retreated about forty yards, making the distance from the tree to where he stood, near one hundred and twenty yards. Ordering a paper of the same size as the other to be put in the same place he reloaded—drew his brimmed beaver over his eyes, and after taking deliberate aim, blazed away.

"That was rather too low," he said, "the ball is about the eighth of an inch below the paper! the next time I'll bring it."

On examination, the ball was found to be precisely where he said it was, which increased the astonishment the remarkable shot had produced on all present, with the exception of the Yankees, who were "used to it."

"This lick will bring the persimmon," said the Kentuckian, as he raised his piece high up and gradually lowered and fired. The paper fell from the tree, the ball driving home the nail which supported it! Language cannot describe the looks of the foreigners, and particularly the natives who crowded around the Kentuckian in numbers. "That night the wine flowed free at the 'Old Admiral's,' and a more joyous party never met at Malta."

A PERFECT CALER QUOTEM. A regular scheming, shrewd, hard working, money making Yankee "out West," a chap who rejoices in the various occupations of doctor, gunsmith, lawyer, tooth-extractor master, has recently, by advertisement, added the following to his list of pursuits and qualities:

"N. B. Auctioneer of the loudest kind, interwoven with ventriloquism and the use of the globes. The advertiser would also have no objection to teaching a singing school, evenings, and might possibly find an hour to spare each morning breaking colts to harness or carrying on a small garden at the halves!"

THE BEWILDERED SCOTCHMAN.

A poor Scotch surveyor once visited a gentleman who had a great penchant for that mischievous species of humor called "practical joking," and who thought Sawney a fit subject for one of his repeated experiments of this kind. The Scotchman was treated with extreme hospitality; he was helped to excess; his glass was never allowed to stand full or empty for one minute. The potatoes were suspended not until, and only while, the cloth was lying for supper, during, and after which, they were resumed with renovated energy. The entertainer was like the landlord described by Addison: the liquor seemed to have no other effect upon him than upon any other vessel in the house. It was not so with his Scotch guest, who was by this time much further advanced upon the cruise of intoxication than half seas over. In this state he was conducted to his chamber—a fine lofty Gothic apartment, with a bedstead that seemed coeval with the building. We say seemed, for that was by no means the case, it being in reality a modern piece of structure. It was of dark mahogany, with its four posts extending completely to the ceiling of the chamber. The bed, however, was not more than two feet from the floor, the better to enable the party to get into it. The Scotchman, with a good deal of assistance was soon undressed, and had his body deposited in this place of repose. All the party then retired, wishing him a good night, and removing the candle for fear of accidents.

Upon the touching of a spring outside the door, the bed was so acted upon by a pulley, that it ascended slowly and smoothly through the four posts until it came within two or three feet of the ceiling. The snoring of the Scotchman was the signal for touching the spring, and he was soon at the proper altitude. The servants required no instructions how to act. In a moment the house was in an uproar; cries of "Fire! fire!" were heard in different directions. A pile of shavings was set in a blaze opposite the window where Sawney slept. The landlord's voice was continually heard exclaiming, "Good heavens! save the poor Scotch gentleman, if possible; the flames have got into the room, just under him!"

"At this moment we heard him fall, and bellow out. A sudden silence took place—every light was extinguished, and the whole house seemed to be buried in the most profound repose. The Scotchman's voice could alone be heard, roaring out in the high dialect of his country for assistance. At length two of the men servants, in their shirts, entered the room, with a candle just lit, and yawning as if immediately aroused from their first sleep. They found him sprawling upon the floor.

"O dear, Sir, what is the matter with you?" "Matter?" says he, "why, isn't the house on fire?" "Not at all, sir." "What was the reason of the cry of fire, then?" "Bless you, sir, you must have been dreaming; why, there's not so much as a mouse stirring, and his honor and the whole family have been asleep these three hours." The Scotchman now gave up all credit in the testimony of his own senses. "I must ha' been dreaming, indeed, and ha'e hurt myself, by falling out of the bed." "Hurt yourself, sir? not much, I hope, the bed is so low?" (by this time it had been made to descend to its first level.) The poor Scot was quite ashamed of disturbing the family; begged a thousand pardons, accompanied the servants to the door; closed it after them, and was left once more in the dark.

But the last act of the pantomime was not yet performed. The spring had been immediately touched upon closing the door, and the bed was soon beyond the reach of the guest. He was heard groping about, and uttering frequent ejaculations of astonishment. He easily found the bed posts; but it was in vain he could endeavor to get in. He moved his hand up and down—his leg was often lifted by way of stepping in, but always encountered the floor in its descent. He uttered exclamations of surprise, not loud but deep, for fear of again disturbing the family. He concluded himself to be in the possession of some evil spirit. In short, when it was found by his silence that he had given up the task as hopeless, and had disposed of himself upon the chairs, the bed was allowed to slide down again, and in the morning Sawney could not but express his astonishment at not being able to find it in the dark.—[English paper.]

CURING BEEF AND PORK.—The following recipe for curing beef and pork, is said to be the very best now in use. It is given by the editor of the Germantown Telegraph, who remarks that if this mode be once tried, it will be used again in preference to all others. The recipe is as follows:—To one gallon of water take 1-1/2 lbs. salt; 1-1/2 lb. sugar; 1-1/2 oz. saltpetre. In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the salt and sugar (which will not be a little), rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a large tub to cool, and when perfectly cold, pour it over your beef or pork—to remain in the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with the pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with saltpetre.

QUEEN INKAS.—A young man writing the history of his life, says he early ran away from his father, as he discovered he was only his uncle.

This is very funny; but is it equal to Walcott's account of his origin, as given in that funny piece of farces—"The Boots at the Swan."

Somebody asks him who his parents were, he replies he doesn't know—he never had any—he believes he was reared in a raffle for geese.—Sunday Mercury.

MARRYING BECAUSE THE WEATHER IS COLD.

The Philadelphia Ledger advises bachelors to get married because the winter is upon us. How does he know that they will be bettered by the change? There is no certainty of getting a warm wife. We sleep comfortably enough if we sleep alone. There is no such botheration with us as married men have—such as your wife howling out in the middle of the night when you are enjoying a sweet dream:

"John! take away your elbow!"

"James! lie further on the other side! You'll have me out of bed."

"Joseph! you've kicked the kiver off."

"Henry! get up you lazy dog, it's day break."

"Richard! turn out and put on the teakettle!"

Nothing of this kind ever troubles us. There we lie in our little cot, (which is just large enough for one), with its clean and white sheets spread over our person, tucked comfortably in about the sides, and head raised to a dignified height by having our corduroys stuffed under the pillow.—How comfortable! We wish we were there now instead of here. When we go to bed we never have occasion to exclaim with the virtuous, yet self upbraiding Roman—

"We have lost a day!"

On the contrary, we stretch our body out to its full length, (we don't curl ourselves up in bed, as vulgarians do,) and say, in a tone of self satisfaction:

"Well, here lies a single gentleman, and an honest editor, type sticker, and devil, after a hard day's work."

We then say our prayers, turn over on our left side and go to sleep. We always sleep soundly, because there's no stain nor grease spots on our conscience to prevent it.—[New Orleans Sun.]

MENTAL POWER vs. BRUTE FORCE.

We saw the other day emphatically the rarest instance of mental superiority triumphing over the hostility of greater animal strength, that ever encountered our observation. A thin, diminutive, consumptive looking young fellow, lame, and using a crutch, sat upon a packing box out on the side walk, in front of a sloop-shop on the levee. Another man of herculean frame was striding up and down, swearing roundly to the little fellow, and exhibiting every symptom of rage and fury. The huge bully beat the awning posts with a thick stick that he held in his hand, and cast glances like boxe knives on his quiet opponent of the box. What the offence or cause of quarrel was, we made no effort to ascertain, but merely paused an instant, attracted by the oddity of the scene.

"By—, mister, I'd like to wring the necks of a dozen like you before breakfast," said the boatman.

"Sorry you can't be gratified," responded the little fellow, in a calm, quiet, cool and collected manner, and every tone he uttered was a satirical dagger to the other.

"By—, I can wring your neck, any how." "For the matter of that, so could a child, if a child could be brute enough to do it."

"Blast you, you're not worth flogging!" "You are, and that's all you are worth."

"May be you'd like to flog me?" "Well, I would."

"Can't—aint got strength—wish I could, my friend, you shouldnt wait long for it."

"You puny part of a man, I could annihilate you with a single blow."

"Who said you couldnt?"

"I'm a man, sir, a man!" said the boatman, making a demonstration of striking the lame fellow.

"Any man who strikes a little fellow, is a coward," mildly yet pointedly replied the young man.

"Do you call me a coward?" roared the bravo, growing a little furious.

"Yes, if you strike me!" replied the poor cripple, in a cool determinate manner, that was really electrifying to hear.

"Then blast me if I don't!" shouted the other, bursting into a perfect phrenzy, and darting at the cripple.

The weak and emaciated young fellow, as his enemy approached him, merely curled his haggard features into a smile, and slowly lifted the forefinger of his right hand to point directly and deliberately at his advancing opponent. We never in the world know so sudden and extraordinary effect produced in a manner so curious. The bullying boatman actually turned pale, and went off muttering oaths as he disappeared around the corner.

FOOD OF DIFFERENT PEOPLE.—The blind traveller, Holman, stated that at Fernando Po, a couple of lambs, grown to no more than six inches long, were served up to him by order of the king. Galen reports of swine that their flesh possesses no less than fifty flavours, and is greatly assimilated in kind to human flesh. Du Chatelain relates that in his days dogs and cats were eaten at Paris as they now are in China. Indeed, Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander affirm that dog's flesh is the sweetest imaginable. At Rome, camel's heels were the choicest tit-bits for an epicure's tooth. Whales' tongues ranked among the delicacies feasted on in the middle century by Europeans. The Caffre eats his lion for food and the traveller Bruce among them ate his lion steak with gusto. At Rio Janeiro, an extraordinary dish is a monkey pie; and the head of the ape is left to appear above the crust for ornament, in the style of the feet in our pigeon pie.

It is a historical fact, that the active members of that great Boston tea party, in old times, were all tea-tot-allers!

WINTER WORK.

Farmers have always enough to do. For more than half the year the farmers of Maine are obliged to give fodder to their cattle, and this makes no small portion of their time. In the usual mode of keeping, the cows and oxen must all be tied up each day; they must be fed a number of times; and the manure must be thrown out at the window, or dropped down into the cellar.

But many keep their young cattle under sheds and let them lie loose. This mode saves much labor, and it is believed to be better for the cattle than lying on a plank floor tied fast by the head.

It is better to feed cattle often than to give them large quantities at a time, for the breath of the cattle renders the fodder offensive when they have had it a long while before them; hence we see them eat in the open yard a great part of the oats which they rejected in the barn.

It has been made a question by some whether it is advisable to visit the barn in the evening and arouse the cattle from their slumber to let them have a second supper. This has been practiced by many good farmers on the ground that less may be given at a time, and that working cattle particularly would be prepared earlier for action in the morning. Cattle that have been at work all day, would seem to need feeding in the evening; but other cattle may be treated differently. What should we think of a parent who should wake up his children at nine in the evening for the purpose of feeding them?—Would not all kinds, except the working animals, be quite as well off to be suffered to lie quietly as to be aroused from sleep and invited to eat?

Much care is taken by farmers to keep all the poor hay entirely separate from the good; the poor is fed out in the fore part of the winter, and the good is kept for the latter part of spring.—Perhaps it would be better to mix a portion of the good with that of poorer quality in order to sweeten it. Cattle become tired, in time, of eating one kind of food, even the richest and best; and it is believed that a mixture to some extent would give a greater relish to the whole and would keep cattle in better order through the winter. Cattle are fond of variety, and a good lot of corn stover is very convenient as a change. Straw of all kinds, even buckwheat straw, will be eaten by young cattle and by sheep. Yearlings have good appetites and are not nice about food, but calves need much attention through the first winter. Rowen hay is good for them, and they should be attended to more particularly in the fore part of winter than in the latter, because they are younger and have never been used to dry fodder. Turnips or other roots are very suitable food for calves, and if fed out to them regularly they will continue to grow through the winter.

In regard to cutting winter fodder farmers differ in opinion. When hay is good and cattle will eat it clean there seems to be no advantage in cutting; but if the hay is poor and you propose to give the cattle some grain to help them along it may be very advantageous to cut the hay and moisten it, then mix some meal with it.—Hallowell Cultivator.

They have a dog at the Circus in New Orleans that can do every thing but talk. While performing his wonderful tricks, the other evening, the following conversation was carried on by the little darkies, in the corner appropriated to them, as reported by the Picayune:

"De lor! whool! Jes look at dat dog! I declar he knows more dan folks does."

"Dog! Does you call dat a real, sure-enough dog?" said another darky by his side, whose eyes were opened so wide they looked like a couple of half dollars.

"In course I does," said the first speaker, "What you tink he is yourself?"

"What I think? I tink dar's a white boy inside de dog skin—I knows dar is. You can't fool dis nigger dat dis all dog dogs. Look dar! look dar!" continued the grinning lump of ebony as the sagacious animal was showing the audience how his brother dogs could run on two lame legs—"Look dar! You spose a dog can do dat when he's asked? Neber!"

A man in England lately undertook, for a wager, to pick up with his teeth one hundred building bricks, to be placed on the ground, each a clear yard apart, returning with them singly to a basket placed at the starting point. The time allowed for the performance of this herculean feat was seventy-five minutes, but the old veteran cleverly achieved it in less than an hour.

BAD SPELLING.—Our Democratic contemporaries are doubling the "o" in such words as the following: Convention, Convoention; Congress, Coongress, &c. The Whigs grumble at such "Locofoco" spelling, and think we ought to go to a "decency school." We'll consider upon it, and if we become convinced that our spelling is not consistent with that relation, which words have of things, we will concur.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Some bulls are touching. We cannot smile at the remark of the poor Irishman, who, when stretched upon a hospitable cot, said, "I think I'd get better but for the thought of having nowhere to die."

A GOOD BRITANN.—On the decease of certain great man, not much beloved, the following was found, inscribed in chalk, upon the valves of his coach:

"He that giveth unto the poor, lendeth to the Lord. N. B. The Lord oweth unto this man—nothing!"

A LETTER FROM GEN. JACKSON.

A letter from the venerable old patriot of the Hermitage always brings sound principle and excellent good sense, and the following, addressed recently to Mr. Dawson, of Cincinnati, comes most appropos to the times. We are sure its perusal will afford our readers abundant satisfaction.

HERMITAGE NOV. 24, 1842.

My dear sir:—Your letter of the 18th instant has just been received, in which you ask permission to publish my letter, or extracts from it, to which you refer. I have no copy of that letter, and when written had no idea of its being published, and as I wrote it in haste, there may be errors both in grammar and spelling which may need correction; still, as you say it may be useful for information to the public, having the greatest confidence in your judgement, the permission you ask is freely given to you. I never put to paper anything but what are my matured opinions.

As the allusions made to my message to Congress, had I strength I would give you the full outlines of the project, if Congress had made the call on me. But why the call was not made upon me, Congress was well aware of my opinion of the constitutional powers of Congress in their legislation for the District, and of the States, with regard to chartering banks. I will give you a concise and hasty view of that opinion. That the power of Congress over the District was equal to that of the states over their respective limits, and that neither had the constitutional power to charter banks of paper issue,—that the only power in this respect was to charter banks based upon specie basis, and of deposit and exchange. The states having resigned to the general government the sovereign power to coin money, regulated to the value thereof, &c., and prohibited themselves from issuing bills of credit, or to make anything a tender in payment of debts but gold and silver coin,—hence the reserved rights of the States contained no power to charter banks with power to issue bills of credit. I ask, what is a bank bill but a bill of credit? The charter allows them to issue three dollars in paper for one of specie. Three five dollar bills are issued; I go to the bank with them, I draw out five dollars in specie. I ask what the two other fives represent. They answer,—nothing but credit. These were well known by Congress to be my opinions, therefore my project was not called for. Many committees representing banks called upon me whilst in the Executive chair, to know if I would not approve a charter upon other terms than based upon a specie basis. My answer always was, that I would approve no other charter: therefore none was presented to me.

I am and ever have been opposed to all kinds of government paper currency, let it be derived from Executive or otherwise. If the paper is the representative of specie, why not pay the debts in specie and circulate it in the hands of the laboring classes? Then the dealings between the merchants and the laborer will be in specie, and the merchant by making a deposit, can get a bill on any part of the Union. Where, then, is the use of a paper currency? Neither the merchant or laborer wants it. The merchant wants a bill not a bank or exchequer bill—but upon a banker, where he lays in his goods as in Germany.

It is one of the greatest humbugs ever attempted to be imposed upon a people, that there is not specie enough in the world to answer all the necessary wants of the community. Look at Cuba. There is no paper there. Shut out from circulation all paper, and specie will flow to any country that has a paper currency, which will always depreciate. A national paper currency is a great curse to the labor of a country, for the depreciation always falls upon the labor. But with these hints I must close, being exhausted. I am greatly debilitated; and remain your friend, ANDREW JACKSON.

MOSES DAWSON, Esq.

DOINGS OF CONGRESS.

TUESDAY DEC. 20.

SENATE.—The joint resolution from the House shutting up refectories in the Capitol, was read, and was laid on the table in a manner which indicated no disposition to take it up again.

HOUSE.—In the House of Representatives. The alleged mutiny on board the brig Somers. Mr. Gwin of Mississippi, proposed a resolution calling on the President of the United States to communicate to the House whatever official communication has been received at the Navy Department in relation to the alleged designed mutiny on board the United States brig Somers commanded by Capt. Sidell Mackenzie; what number of persons have been executed, their names and rank, and the proceedings had on board of said vessel, with reference thereto.

Objection being made to the reception of this resolution, it was not passed.

The Repeal of the Bankrupt Law. This being the day set apart for the consideration of the bill, to repeal this act, introduced last week by Mr. Everett, the House proceeded to its consideration.

The debate was principally between Mr. Everett and Mr. Barnard, the latter gentleman defending the law with much ability.

Mr. Barnard finally moved to commit the bill to the Committee on the Judiciary, giving notice that if this motion should fail, he would, as a choice of evils, propose to amend the law by striking out the voluntary principle, to take place on the 1st day of July next.

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll moved to commit the bill to the Committee on the Judiciary, with instructions to report a Bankrupt bill, excluding voluntary applications and banks owned by the States and including such corporations not owned by States as issue notes for circulation.

Mr. Arnold called for a division of the instructions. Mr. Cave Johnson moved the previous question; but it was not seconded—ayes 46, noes not counted. Messrs. Winthrop, Payne, Gordon, Browne, and Charles Brown of Pa., addressed the House upon the subject.

Mr. Pickens moved the previous question, pending which motion the House adjourned. Should the previous question be seconded to-morrow, the House will be brought to a direct

vote on the egrossment of the bill to repeal the Bankrupt law.

THURSDAY, DEC. 22

FINE ON GENERAL JACKSON.

The bill introduced by Mr. Linn, to indemnify General Jackson for fine imposed on him at New Orleans while in the discharge of his official duty, came up for consideration, as in committee of the whole; and there being no motion to amend, it was reported to the Senate.

Mr. LINN suggested the propriety of immediately putting the bill upon its third reading; and if there was a disposition on the part of any Senator to oppose it, the opposition could be made after it had received its third reading.

The debate was continued for some time, and at length, the subject was postponed to Tuesday next.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JANUARY 3, 1843.

"FALSEHOOD NAILED TO THE COUNTER."

The leading editorial article in the Tri-Weekly Argus of Dec. 20, has the above caption. People would naturally suppose that a great battle had been fought, and a great victory won, by looking at the above heading. They would suppose that Mr. Case's course had been triumphantly vindicated by himself, and that all his unwilling yet necessary adversaries had been completely vanquished. They would suppose that every issue had been met—every dubious point settled; and that now, after a long campaign of toil and trouble, he was prepared to retire in peace into the full enjoyment of long sought repose. And all this, too, because, forthwith, every thing that had been said concerning him was "falsehood" and he had "nailed it to the counter."

But, is this so? Has he "nailed" every thing to the "counter"? This article is in reply to ours of Dec. 20. That article accused Mr. Case of being a "concealing Democrat." One on whom no dependence could be placed. One who was ready to forsake his principles at any time for the sake of interest,—one whose Democracy was gain. It accused him of lukewarmness in 1840 & "41—of "travelling" and "trimming" to retain a small office—of garbling his own letters; and of a want of firmness, discretion and fairness. We proved all those charges, as any one can see by turning to that paper. We proved them by his own assertions and those of his contemporaries. We acknowledged this proof (a part of it) is poor authority; but it is *Case* at one time against *Case* at another time. It is *Case* man against *Case* would-be-Democrat. Whatever such authority is worth people will judge and give credit accordingly. There is no getting rid of the facts.

Why does Mr. Case evade these issues? Why does he avoid all mention of them in his replies? Is it not because he would in immediate want of a Confessor to pronounce upon him "Absolutism"? To meet these truth-seeking, consequence-galling, lie-hating charges, why does he exhibit so much gall and spleen without any mixture of common sense or even artificial cunning? Can a man expect to convict his readers with such hollow exculpations as the following:—

"Every body at all acquainted with 'Androecoggin,' on reading this caption would pronounce it false, for the plain reason that he never was guilty of a 'concealment and consecutive view' of any thing."

"The terms vacillating and serpentine, especially the latter, very well express the character of 'Androecoggin,' and his boasting in this city." (Ed. American.)

"That," (the Post Office) "had nothing to do with politics one way or the other; and was nobody's business but our own."

This lattering-run then bant at Judge Ware, and after getting his nose bruised for his pains, he makes a mad dash at the Editor of the Lowell Patriot because he told the truth about his removing the Post Office building from the Patriot in the Courthouse.

He then runs back and slashes his head at the Democrat because it said Messrs. Preble and Anderson were opposed to the Treaty. He says, "It would seem the man must be a fool as well as knave to assert that Mr. Preble never gave his assent to the Treaty." Well the fact is, not one of the Maine Commissioners ever gave an unconditional assent to that Treaty.

Their assent was *unconditional*. They said if the Senate would ratify such a Treaty they would assent to it. They did not suppose the Senate would ratify it. See Treaty Correspondence.

As to the Post Office not being any body's business but his own, we know that Mr. Case would like to have it so. It is a very convenient mode of warding off the honest indignation of an insured public, to tell them "it is none of their business."

As to the "bantering," (the American) it can take care of itself, if it is only a "yearling." It is like Lot of old; for it remains pure and uncorrupted, though it breathe the same air of the Sodomites which lies contiguous. In regard to "Androecoggin," he is destined to give you a great many sleepless nights and anxious days. Let him be whom in what he may, he will carry, as he has done already, dismay and consternation into that little congeries of mental aberrations, desecrated Cram.

The articles which appear in the Democrat Mr. Case says are from "Androecoggin," and consequently from Hon. V. D. PARRIS. We would take this opportunity to tell Mr. Case, in all seriousness and candour, that he may attribute these articles, this and all others, to any one he pleases except to Mr. Parris; but he need not attribute them to him any longer.

It happens to know that Mr. Parris does not write, or dictate to be written, the articles in relation to this controversy; the Conservatives and his enemies to the contrary notwithstanding. Therefore, after this, Mr. Case, please act in accordance with what you know.

Well, thus far, we see no falsehoods nailed nor counters to nail to. The whole reply, so far as we have noticed it, is really, too small, too egotistical, too insolent, to be worthy of notice, and we already begin to repent having thrown away so many minutes of valuable time, and so much stationery. Well, Charley, hold the light here while we look at these letters.

Let's have a strong light. Here, then, we find two letters purporting to be from gentlemen in Lowell. The first one is from Mr. Bagley. He writes Mr. Case on business, and tells him he is a good Democrat, and that it is strange people should say he was any thing else. We don't know all the circumstances of this friendly letter on business. Our shrewd calculator thinks it was a dun, especially the first part of it. And Mr. B. feeling a little insecure in regard to Mr. Case's prospects, just poured out in the last part of it a vol of personal commendation for public consumption. This is all natural, and just what we should expect. Every man likes to make himself as secure as possible.

The other letter is from some man of Lowell City. Mr. Case says they are Democrats. They say that for all they know Mr. Case is a man of truth—that he is a Democrat—that they have heard him converse with Whigs and Democrats, and that they did not know he was hushed out of a Democratic Meeting. Well, in regard to this letter, the Mayor and Aldermen of the Whig City of Lowell have certified to the good character of those who wrote it. We marvel not at this.

That Mr. Case is a Democrat we still doubt. Daniel Webster called himself a Democrat in 1840, and perhaps he would now; so of F. O. J. Smith; so of all the prominent Federalists. It should not state whether he was a Webster Democrat. It should not have overlooked this important fact. That those vouchers did bear Mr. Case converse with "Whigs and Democrats," in 1840, we do not doubt. They say he was not hushed out of a Democratic Meeting to their knowledge. Mr. Case acknowledged in an article a short time since that he was "hushed out." That's all.

This article of the Argus and the letters that were published as a part of it, were written for Legislative use. They were to catch favors and secure friends. But we are mistaken if its ends are answered. It will be seen by the article that particular of any importance in the issue, are purposely left untouched. Vague generalities are all that is relied upon. Does Mr. Case expect these will satisfy the public? If he does, he will be much disappointed. Vouchers can do no good so long as acts and former documents prove to the contrary. Why does not Mr. Case mention the fact to his readers that all the Democratic papers in the State have openly shown their dislike to his course, both here and in Massachusetts? We conclude with a paragraph from a learned and elegant writer of the 19th century. We shall apply it to the great centre of factions the *Cased Argus* and the *Lowell Voucher*. We shall be permitted to paraphrase, as the sense will be more appropriate. "We make no war upon the *Middle St. Editor*; but when the tail of a fiction is wagging in Lowell, in noting his motions, it may sometimes be necessary to speak of its head wherever it may chance to be."

"That same old Coon," the Madisonian, keeps fighting Mr. Benton and the Globe. This paper and Smith's "Argus Revived" were about the only papers that were put in circulation in 1840 for the purpose of winning the people to Whiggery. Their object was effected. They succeeded in deceiving the people, and elected their man in opposition to Democracy. By false pretences and fraudulent designs, they, as the allies of the Whig party, succeeded in lying one man down and another up.

Where are the papers now? One of them filled up its cup of iniquity, long since, and went to its long home. Its resurrection will not take place till the crest-fallen Whig party need another 'Wooden Horse' to carry them into power. Then, if the Author or Editor should succeed in getting his pay for the last campaign, he will be "on hand" for another. The other is still alive. And misfortune has made it the Government paper of the U. States. It cries out lustily that it is a Democrat of the Jeffersonian School. Calls the rest of the Democratic papers Ultraists, and makes itself out to be a perfect paragon of excellence and consistency. This paper supports John Tyler might and main. Daniel Webster is also one of its "beloved." John Tyler we imagine to be a very good man; but one fourth of him, at least, is governed by Webster, while other fractional parts are governed by men no better. Consequently our opinion of Mr. Tyler is not three fourths as good as it might be under other circumstances.

But this Madisonian praises indifferent every act of the President, and of Webster. It acts the part of an obsequious servant in a play. It has no mind of its own, no independence; nothing to lose, everything to gain. This is all easily accounted for. It wishes to palm itself off as the greatest Republican of Republicans,—unite itself with the Democracy, and lead the Democracy to victory under the flag of "John Tyler for President" in '44.

This being its aim, what would be its natural course? Why this course would be to silence all who would be rivals or in any way subtract from its chances of success. Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Benton, Mr. Calhoun and their friends must all be denounced, because they lessen the chances of John Tyler for the next Presidency. This is the reason why Mr. Benton and the Globe have recently received so liberal a share of the Madisonian's censures and invectives.

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS. Our readers may think we have stifled this wish and kept it pent up too long. We beg their pardon and if they will forgive us we will endeavor to be in better season next time. We cannot, however, even at this late hour refrain from saying a word about this really sacred day. We call the day sacred because it is ever to be commemorated as the birth day of the Messiah. The 25th of Dec. must ever be remembered as the day when Salvation dawned upon the Gentile and the Jew—upon the saint and the sinner.

In this country and at this time, the Christian World is not in the habit of celebrating this day with divine honors. Formerly they did. The Roman Catholics and Episcopalians do still take special notice of this day. They trim and ornament their houses of public worship, and deliver sermons written especially for the occasion. The moral tendency of this custom is happy and useful. Nothing is better calculated to impress the mind with the vast importance of the Saviour's Mission here, than the circumstances of his birth—the situation of mankind at the time—and the explanation of those prophecies which foretell such an event. We wonder why religious denominations of every sect do not commemorate the day.

Christmas does not pass off without some notice. Mention is made of it by all classes. Some notice the day as one which calls for benevolent acts; others as a day of frivolity and mirth. Some appropriate it entirely to religious exercises; others entirely to secular pursuits. Most all people know it, however, as a day of presents,—a day to give and expect gifts. The poor ought to be the persons on whom these benevolent acts are bestowed. They ought to receive the benefit of that surplus of mind, of toil and estate which is far too often lavished upon those who are abundantly able to supply themselves. If we were about to have a Christmas present, we would say to the donor, give it to my poor brother W. or sister C.; not because we are rich but because we are in health and they are not. This in our opinion would be doing our duty. It might satisfy all who were disposed to make presents to their indigent friends that they were acting in compliance with the beautiful and practical precept that "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these the least of my brethren ye have done it unto me."

THE LATE MUTINY.

Court of Enquiry on board the North Carolina. This Court commenced its sessions on Wednesday, Dec. 28. The North Carolina at present is lying off the Navy Yard at Brooklyn. The Somers lies near.

The Court is composed as follows:—Commander Charles Stewart, President. Commodore Charles Stewart, President.

Jacob Jones, Assistant. Alex. J. Dallas, do.

Hon. Ogden Hoffman, Judge Advocate.

The Court was organized by the administration of the usual oath. There was no business transacted on this day of any interest. Capt. McKenzie was present and it is said his manner was singularly composed

and dignified. The Court, after making some arrangements for the trial, adjourned to half past eleven o'clock the next day.

Read the following article on "Political Trimming" from the Maine (Saco) Democrat. It has no reference at all (?) to a certain Editor, not a thousand miles off, who has recently received a portion of the U. S. printing. The article is full of instruction and sound doctrine. Its applicability to certain recent cases of political hacks in *equilibrium* is easily discerned. Here it is; read it for yourselves. This is the last and only Democratic paper to speak out against certain twaddlers.

From the Maine Democrat.

"POLITICAL TRIMMING."

"Whenever a leading politician is in that strait, that it needs letters and essays to define his position, it is a pretty sure sign he has wavered from the doctrines of the old creed—become conservative—and about to go over to the other side. Such is now the state of affairs in this country, that it does not require a great stretch of thought to bring to view the final result to all political trimmers. Since the last election,—since Mr. Tyler has had command of affairs, it has been rather in bad odor for a political man to be found fawning at the footstool of the present Cabinet, asking favors,—and just so it should be. Nothing would be more conclusive evidence of a trimming politician, than subservience to the powers that be. Now is the time for a man to adhere to, and go for principles,—turning neither to the right hand nor the left, until the final consummation of power is again bestowed through the suffrage of the people, into democratic hands.

"The question may well be asked,—who are the men standing in the front ranks of democracy?—and the answer is as plain as that two and two make four, Van Buren and Benton, with many others that could be named,—and these have, ever since the days that drove Adams from the field, been always on the safe and right track. To these, and such as these, does the Democracy of the whole country look, for such men never will desert the great principles of Jefferson and Jackson, which they have long maintained with signal ability.

"It is a wide mistake in a man to seek popularity at the expense of his political integrity—or even suppose that a new track is to be laid out, different from that already marked out by the people. No man can lead the democratic party. The mass of the people are honest, and if occasionally by the great trust they repose in men, they should lose sight of the true patriot, it cannot be long that they will continue deceived.

"We always think that man wide of the mark who supposes that the cloven foot of federalism is not seen in a conservative movement of a political leader—and that editor standing sentinel for the party, must lose the confidence of all, when he undertakes to lead his party astray by forsaking the principles of his own he fulsome praise upon the leaders, his opponents, as political men.

"We often hear tell of man-worship from the opposition. But what is clearer proof of constancy to principles, than the readiness with which all honest democrats leave a man to his own political shame, so soon as he steps aside to pay his worship at the shrine of federalism?

"No man has been lauded higher, and no man held more strongly for a time, the affections of the democratic party of this State, than F. O. J. Smith. So long as he went in the line marked out by the people, and was willing to be their servant, faithfully to carry out the principles of democracy, so long was he upheld. But mark the result. When he set up in business for himself, turned dictator, and advanced other doctrines, not of the school that reared him, he was left, and in less than three years from his apostasy, he is numbered with the political hacks, laid upon the shelf, held in utter contempt by the one party, and despised for his treachery by the second, and even shunned by the almost no party of Mr. Tyler. And such will be the fate of all who seek to dictate, rather than to follow in the old paths of republican principles.

"Political trimmers have always sealed their own fate—and should thus serve as a warning to any one, standing ever so high, how he dares vary from the true school principles of '73."

The following is an extract from a letter received in this town from a distinguished Democrat in the Eastern part of the State.

"It is now apparent that the Conservatives are, in a body, seeking to renew their connection with the Democratic party by attaching themselves, in the first instance, to the administration of President Tyler, and that they intend to come back, not as repenting transgressors, but as leaders and dictators. Will the Democratic party receive them on such terms? I trust and hope not. They deserted us at a moment when their treachery could do us most mischief, and now, when we have just recovered from the effects of their desertion, they proffer their services, not as recruits, but as leaders and Generals of the Democratic host! Let us leave them to President Tyler, if he chooses to rely upon them, but contract with them no alliance which will embarrass and perplex us when we get a Democratic Administration into power. The Age has dealt some blows to those political weather-cocks (Case and Smith) who bought up the Portland Argus to control the Democracy of the State. And as far as I can learn our friends are universally of the opinion that the rebuke was just and well merited. It is now very obvious that it was one of F. O. J. Smith's cunning devices to get his Brother-in-Law Case to buy up the Argus in his name, and by the influence which the former reputation of that paper possessed, place him at the head of the Democratic party in Maine, and require them to bestow upon him their choicest honors, or in the hour of its greatest need again sell them, Arnold like, to the enemy. The Democracy may congratulate themselves in the discovery, thus early made, of these secret designs against the peace and safety of the party. The Arnold's are now hanging upon a dry tree, and let no one be regarded as a friend to our glorious cause who would attempt to introduce such apostates as Smith, Ruggles, Case, and the Goodenows again into our ranks. All have perfectly understood the ulterior designs of the Portland Argus, and no one

will be deceived by its course. Every true hearted Democrat, regretting that it should have fallen into such wicked hands, will now abandon it as being 'weak, rotten and corrupt.' The Democracy of Cumberland are fortunate, at this important crisis, in having so staunch and able a Democratic paper as the American to charge Federalism with their new allies in their strongholds. The American will readily supply the defection of the Argus, and lead the Democracy of that County on to glorious victory."

The Bangor Democrat gives Parson Case, the twaddling Editor of the Argus, three months to leave the State and go peaceably back to Massachusetts. We will give the Coon six months to clear out, if he will take his Brother-in-law, F. O. J. Smith, with him, and give bonds never to return to disturb our harmony or betray our confidence again.

THE BOSTON ALMANAC FOR 1843. In almost every exchange Journal we take up we see some mention of the Boston Almanac. They call it a popular Annual—a convenient compendium of all that is necessary to be known in regard to Rail-Roads, Public Officers, Astronomical Calculations, &c. Mr. Dickinson must send us a copy if he wishes a puff in this quarter. We doubt whether it is such a great affair after all.

TRADE! TRADE! TRADE!

Friend Millett: Trade is the order of the day. Not a few have gone into trade within a few days; and not a few are going and trading with these new comers and others. Every day talks about these traders—how cheap they sell their goods—what excellent goods they have—what a sign it is of the coming of the new policy they are treated, etc. etc. Folks are becoming bewitched with this trading mania. Millers are "all the go" in the fall, but it has been entirely displaced by trade. "The more we trade with these new traders the more they cry out 'Come and trade.'"

The reason of goods of all kinds being cheaper than heretofore is obvious. When the great amount of bank paper went out of existence the price of all merchandise fell. For instance let us suppose that the currency of the country, in 1837, was \$200,000,000, which would be a great amount,—we should have high prices. Wheat would be \$3 per bushel, corn \$1, etc. etc. Salt at the same time would be at Portland, 50 per bushel, Molasses 50 cts. a gallon, Sugar 25 cts. a lb. Cotton Cloth a shilling a yard—Broadcloth \$10 a yard, and all other things in proportion. Well, in these times a bushel of wheat would purchase 4 bushels of salt, 4 gallons of Molasses, etc.

Let us again suppose that the currency at this time, 1842, is reduced to half the amount it was in 1837—Articles of Merchandise would come down accordingly. Wheat would be a dollar a bushel. Corn 50 cts. Salt 25 cts. Rice 50 cts. Well we can or ought now to buy goods for even less than half as much as we gave for them in 1837. Therefore if a man gets as much or more now in exchange for his produce than he did five years ago he must not suppose that the storekeeper is making a losing business; but on the contrary he must look out sharp or he will not get enough goods in exchange for his produce. Labor is low, material is cheap, manufactures of all kinds are cheap, the products of the soil are likewise cheap; but we tell the farmer to look out for an equivalent.

I write you, friend Millett, so that you may give your readers a good singing, caution. It is this, if our Farmers sell all their produce now, they won't have any to sell next summer, and they will be obliged to buy it back again. Likewise, if they should happen to want a scythe, or a hoe, or a little bread stuff, they can't be credited, they must remember, at these "New Boston's," let us tell them, through you, that they better not be anxious to get rid of their produce; for Goods are growing cheaper and cheaper every day.

"CAUTIONOUSNESS."

Norway, Dec. 29, 1842

For the Democrat.

SURVIVING REVOLUTIONARY HEROES. There was living in Buckfield at the commencement of the year, sixteen Heroes of the Revolutionary war, representing nearly every important battle fought in that great struggle for our Independence. Three of their number have, within the past year, been "gathered to the land of their fathers." There are now thirteen remaining. As perhaps no town in this State or the Union can boast of having within their limits so great a number of these "living monuments of our country's history," I have thought it would not be uninteresting to your readers to see a list of their names with their ages as near as can be ascertained.

Job Packard, aged 80.
Thomas Berry, " 80.
Sam'l Gilbert, " 81.
Lud Smith, " 81.
Benj Wadsworth, " 81.
Eleazar Parsons, " 81.
Nathaniel Chase, " 82.
Josiah Parris, " 82.
Thomas Rucker, " 83.
Gershom Day, " 83.
Jabez Churchill, " 84.
David Lowe, " 84.
Thaddeus Pratt, " 86.
Jacob Whitman, " 90.
Simoon Roward, " 90.
Jonathan Record, " 93.

Thirteen of the above number were able to attend the polls at the last Presidential Election and voted the Democratic ticket, showing that their "ruling passion," the preservation of the liberties of their country "was strong" to the last.

Buckfield, Dec 29, 1842.

"Died within the year.

The following article was intended for our last paper, but was crowded out for want of room.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Friend Millett: Having a few leisure moments I sit down to acquaint the community, through your paper, with some of the feelings that are rife in relation to Church Music. My remarks have reference to Fania Hill. Things go wrong in regard to this matter, and have this long time. It is no harm to speak truth if it is done with the best of motives, even if it should be found to rebuke certain modes of action, or run head first against long established custom. The best way to reform some evils in Society, is to point them out; and make them known: for it is a fact that no individual or society will forsake an evil habit or a vicious course till they are first made acquainted with it. It may be wrong to call our Sacred Music an evil, or its tendency vicious, yet it is performed often in very bad taste.

The reason of this is to some, at least, very obvious. When we have a Singing School, the Society subscribes liberally—the School is large—they have an excellent one; and when it is done some of the learners take a part in the Choir and some do not. But generally there are more who do not, than those who do. Well, the old Singers, who have not gone to School, or have only gone occasionally, take their seats in the Choir, as a matter of course, and the singing very soon shows that the School has been of no benefit.

A Choir to perform music well, must be taught together—they must accustom—keep time—pronounce their words—sing soft and loud—slow and fast—grave or majestic—all together. And to accomplish all this they must all be trained as one. It wants time, discipline, and often the getting rid of old habits. Can we accomplish this without result and attain to excellence in singing, while we allow new learned singers to leave their seats and old ones to take their places? Old singers need not think they are not wanted to sing, by what has been said. By no means; for were they to stay away we should have no kind of music. I only wish to say that it is an error in the first place to pay out money to learn singers to sing, and then have them leave the seats. And it is in the second place an unavoidable er-

